

When, shall we yield to the curse which, transpiring, is sucking away the life-blood of the nation, and which, unless shaken off for ever, will destroy the republic, while glutting its infernal lust?

If Mr. Clay asserts this at the head of a company bound on an expedition to perpetuate slavery, that he gives not up a jot of principle, then he asserts, as plainly as words can, that he never had any principle; for his present conduct and position is in the most direct antagonism with all those motives by which he has professed to be governed. The true anti-slavery spirit cannot exist in the heart of a man who would volunteer to join those who are going to 'revel in the halls of the Montezumas.' The onward march of blood and slaughter, and the God whose aid we invoke in releasing the slave from his bondage, is not the God of Battles.

By pursuing his present course, Mr. Clay may gain popularity with the bullies who riled his office and puffed up his types and printing press, while he is prostrate upon a bed of sickness; he may acquire favor in the eyes of those who test of mankind in the strength of the muscles and disregard of death—but he loses the sympathy and respect, the veneration and esteem of the wise and good. While the slave of the South will chuckle and grin that 'Ephraim is still joined to his idols,' the friends of humanity will be filled with the deepest regret; and in view of his present position, contrasted with his known ability and power, to do good, the universal feeling of disappointment by all true lovers of the cause of the slave, may be best expressed in the language of one of England's greatest bards, to one of her greatest military heroes:

'Never had mortal such opportunity,
Or abused it more.'

T. D.

CONSISTENCY, THOU ART A JEWEL!

After denouncing the war with Mexico, and its cruel and abominable in its unnumbered terms, Cassius M. Clay has abandoned his rifle and marched to the battle-field. Only attend to what he says relative to the war and the war party, yet notwithstanding he is ready to assist in pocket and person to carry it on.

In the first place, he denounces the annexation of Texas, as having a tendency to extend slavery, yet, 'he is for it to sustain it.' The resolutions declaring war, are 'an unmitigated lie,' yet he buckles on his armor in support of these lies. He says that this unjust and wicked war must be carried on with vigor, and he leaves his quiet home for the toll and danger of the battle-field. In support of this 'vile and wicked policy' he buckles on his armor, and marches to the Rio Grande, to assist the 'mercenary scoundrel' that dictated it with a will stronger than ever to resist the giant cause of all this mischief, he takes up arms in its support. A most unjust and dishonest set of men have filled the public offices of the country for many years, and we must be purged of this rotteness. To aid in doing so, he is one of the first that volunteers to support these very men in their nefarious, wicked, unjust and unwholy war, which, vampire-like, is sucking away the life-blood of the nation.' To purge us of this rotteness, and to promote our safety and stability, he goes and assists to fight the battles of 'these demagogues.'

There are a set of men in the world that will do anything, no matter how inconsistent, to keep themselves before the public; and Cassius M. Clay appears to be one of them. They will even, like the ass in the fable, put on the lion's skin, but they are immediately detected when they attempt the lion's roar.—*New-York Weekly Chronicle.*

And this is Cassius M. Clay, whose name was not uttered without a thrill of pride, who was to us as a star of hope, rising upon our guilty, unhappy land, upon whom, millions of watching, tearful eyes were turned, when he delivered his address. The slave can now no longer claim him as his true friend and hoped-for liberty, for he has joined those who are riveting his chains, we cannot call him the friend of justice and humanity, for he is aiding the perpetrators of robbery and murder; we are fellow-workers no longer. His teachings are dead to us, his acts give them life. Freedom and honor in words, slavery and shame in deeds, is his story.

Farwell to Cassius M. Clay and his True Abolitionism. As faithful Abolitionists we can no longer honor the one, or help to support the other. God give him the grace to repent, and come back to the holy cause he has deserted.—*A. S. Standard.*

Cassius M. Clay has fallen, from the proud height he occupied in the hearts and hopes of thousands of his best countrymen, to a moral depth from which there can be but little hope of his speedy recovery. His laurels so gallantly won in the moral contest to which he has devoted his energies for the last few years, have in an instant faded, and all the charm heretofore associated with his name is dissipated we fear forever.—*Pennsylvania Freeman.*

DEPLORABLE FOLLY.—Cassius M. Clay, after denouncing the Annexation of Texas and the proceeding against Mexico, by nearly all the terms which can express denunciation and horror, as unconstitutional, unjust, inhuman, wicked, and murderous,—has now volunteered to go and fight for the consummation of all this accumulation of atrocious guilt. His moral power is gone. His Northern subscribers will quit him. He has forfeited the respect of good men, and gained nothing worth the having.—*Liberty Standard.*

OBJECTS OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

One of the ulterior objects of the present war with Mexico is not merely the re-establishment of slavery on her soil, but also unquestionably to reduce to that condition the Indian and mixed blood races, who constitute five sixths of the population of the country. A letter from one of the American adventurers in California coolly says—

'If one be in favor of free labor, the simple and docile aborigines can be hired for \$15 or \$20 per annum; or if the country have no conscientious scruples in regard to slavery, he may capture, by the assistance of one or two whites, a whole village of natives, and transport the community to his hacienda, or select such as may suit his fancy, or serve his purpose, and having once reduced them to his power, they become his property for life. Free can pursue and take them in any part of the country, and from whomsoever may presume to employ them. They live on insects and vermin, and a few wild fruits in their native ranges, subjected to the control of the white man, supplied with a modicum of the coarsest food and clothing, enough to partially cover their nakedness, they become the willing and obedient slaves of their master while he is in the pleasure to retain them. They are excellent shepherds, and herdsmen, and patient, tractable field laborers, and less burdensome than African slaves, for when old and useless, they can be sent back to their native villages, to live on the charity of their tribes.'

From 'The Pulpit,' a monthly periodical by Orange Spots.

Q When will the time come that war and bloodshed shall be known no more! Such a time there will be, if the Bible be the word of God. Roll on, happy day! What a vast amount of blood and treasure has the professed Christian world expended in deadly combat! Bibles, prayers, and sermons, mingled with swords and bayonets, and confided noise, and garments rolled in blood! What inconsistency! What base hypocrisy!

The war now raging between this country and Mexico is one of the most bloody and wicked, furnished ever in the bloody annals of man's iniquity. A war to perpetuate a system of man-stealing and soul-murder! Surely, God will be avenged on such a nation as this. What a responsibility is resting upon Christian churches and Christian ministers! For even ministers of the gospel are joining the invading army—the American land pirates! It is not enough that we have forfeited the respect of Mexico a large portion of her wealth is being carried off by hundreds and thousands! And this, forsooth, is patriotism, for which these whole-souled characters must be loaded with honors and receive the thanks of the assembled millions of the nation! Why do not every religious person speak out in thunder tones against this monstrous injustice! Why do not the watchmen upon Zion's walls lift up their voices like trumpets, and show the people their transgressions, and the house of Israel their sin? It is because the religion of the coun-

try is abominably corrupt. Justice will not sleep forever. A day of reckoning is at hand. A few are already kindled in God's wrath, which shall burn to lowest hell. Shall it be, that loyalty to human constitutions shall be pleaded as an excuse for furnishing troops to carry on this pro-slavery crusade against human sacrifices to the bloody Moloch of lust, ambition, and oppression? Is it because of our Christians and freemen? If it be, it is patriotism, philanthropy, or Christianity, where shall we go for heathenism and oppression? While we should be giving our money and our influence to evangelize the world and introduce the universal and peaceful religion of the Messiah, we are contributing our millions to deluge the world with blood, and drown men's souls in perdition. Some are circulating pledges that they will have nothing to do with these outrages upon liberty and religion. And has it come to this, that such pledges are called for, in this age, and in this nation? Why, a pledge against this 'unprincipled, inhuman, anti-Christian, and diabolical system of pro-slavery war,' with all its authors, promoters, abettors, and accessories, gains, as well as against the great devil, the father of it and them, should be written in all our hearts, and engraved upon all our foreheads. We owe to God and the Bible a superior and supreme allegiance. Let all offices and idols inconsistent with our duty to the God of Daniel, of Shadrach, of Meshach, and of the three, be renounced, and DENOUNCED! Talk about meddling with politics! We to him who dares remain silent in such a crisis!

VILLAINY REBELL.—The following pungent rebuke of the Robber Government of the United States is contained in a letter from the Mexican Secretary of State to Mr. Sidel, in answer to his application to be recognized as Minister. He tells Mr. S. that he cannot be received in that capacity, and proceeds to speak with manifest feelings of indignation of the course pursued by our Government. He says, 'Civilized nations have beheld with amazement, at this enlightened and refined epoch, a powerful and well consolidated State availing itself of the internal dissensions of a neighboring nation, putting its violence to sleep, and its pretensions of friendship to action in all manner of springs and artifices, alternately plying intrigue and violence, and seizing a moment to despoil her of a precious part of her territory, regardless of the inalienable rights of the most unquestionable ownership, and the most interrupted possession.'

From the Ohio Anti-Slavery Bagger.

MY DEAR FRIENDS ASSAULT.

CRAWFORD CO., O., June 22, 1846.

ESTEEMED FRIENDS.—In laboring for the oppressed, I find great difficulty in getting the people to listen. So strong is their prejudice against the negro, that they will not hear the advocates of his cause. Since I left Salem, some of my audiences have been very small. At Kuoxxville, Jefferson Co., I could obtain only a small house, which was filled by the women, the most delicate and effeminate of the community. Almost the entire village was out; the pro-slavery clan made much noise at a distance, but did not disturb the meeting. At Richmond, the meeting was considerably disturbed. At Jefferson, Harrison Co., I could get no meeting, for the people were all agog about the Mexican War. At Elm, Wayne Co., the rabble made much noise, but I could not be heard by the audience. The shouts of 'Eggs, nigger, hurrah for Texas' were incessant. In going to my lodgings in company with two young men, some 20 or 25 of the mobocrats followed us, crying, 'Egg him! egg him!' and commenced throwing stones. On Friday evening I had a large meeting in the Methodist Church. I had not more than twenty minutes, as the meeting was broken up by the occurrence of a fire in the pulpit. It did not reach me, but the occurrence disturbed the audience very much. When order was restored, I proceeded with my discourse. The mobocrats, having entered the house, seated themselves directly in front of the pulpit, and told me I was a liar, a blasphemer, &c. I remonstrated mildly with him, but he became more rude; several men placed with him not to disturb the meeting, but he grew more furious, and they put him out of the house. In a few moments he returned, and with a brickbat, struck one of the men who had aided in taking him out. The missile was thrown with such force that the man dropped, as if struck by a grise shot. So singular was the sound produced by the blow, that I think his skull must have been fractured by it. After the wounded man had been seated in a pew, and while the blood was streaming from his head, the demon driving he did not killed him, rushed through the crowd, and seized him by the hair in order to finish the work of death. He was however quickly thrust away, and the wounded man moved to a room near by, where he received the attention of a physician. The murderer here made another attempt, and strove to break in the door, but was defeated. He then went into the pulpit, (which I had left), seized a book and commenced reading a sermon, but soon called the Methodist blacks, because they continued to blacken. A person present seized a chair and struck at the villain five or six times, but was too low to reach him. He afterwards sought for this man in order to kill him, until the time of his arrest, which was about two o'clock at night. It is said he had no grudge against either of these men. He had prepared himself through the day to murder a man, and I was the one against whom his attacks were to be directed; and I know not why I escaped unhurt, and David Officer was the sufferer, unless it was because that ill-fated friend of humanity aided in putting the villain out of the house. The next morning I visited the wounded man, and upon appearances judged he could not long survive. I have since learned that he died a few days after, leaving a wife and five little children to mourn his untimely end. He was an honest, inoffensive citizen, and possessed but little property. This is the name of another martyr added to those of a Lovejoy and a Torrey. Thus the anti-slavery enterprise is irrigated by the blood of another friend of human rights.

And the blessings of God be on his spirit, his disconsolate widow and fatherless little ones. Would it not be well for Abolitionists to raise some funds for the benefit of this unhappy widow and orphan children? She is entitled to such aid, and the act would receive the blessing of God, and the well-disposed in the land.

I am yet in the field, and trust by the grace of God, long to remain there, I sleep with my loving wife and my armor on, and I pray God I may never, in the words of Judas Maccabees, turn my back to the enemy. Though our army is small, and the armies of Gog and Magog innumerable, yet the handful of sordid soldiers of the Prince of Peace be true and brave, and they will triumph. The Lord God grant us victory.

Sincerely, your friend and co-laborer
A. BAER, JR.
in the cause of humanity.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS FOR COLORED CHILDREN.

At a meeting of the Primary School Committee of Boston, on Monday evening week, a resolution was passed, that 'the committee should cause schools for colored children, and the regular attendance of all such children upon those schools, is not only legal and just, but is best adapted to promote the education of that class of our population.'

Now, would it be legal and just, for the School Committee of Boston, or of any other place, to establish separate schools for white children? It happens to be in different circumstances in this country, satisfy their constituents, should they say that the son of Esquire A, though he has no better talents for learning than the son of poor B, must be educated at a separate school, because his father has no inconsiderable influence in the community? At such a spirit of intolerance, there would be but one universal burst of indignation. Would it be legal and just for any school committee to classify the children of any city or town according to their wealth? We know not. Is it any more legal and just to make distinctions on account of color? Common sense answers, no. This tint of the skin was given them by the hand of the Almighty; and although he clothed them with a sable hue, yet he also gave them the same intellect—the same powers of perception and retention.

But passing by the consideration of the gross injustice of this distinction on account of color, let us inquire whether such a course is adapted to promote the education of that class of our population, the colored children. Have they the same incentive to effort, when they know they are thus

degraded by being considered unworthy a place in the same school with those of their own age who were fortunate enough to inherit from their parents a white skin? Do they not cherish in their bosoms a feeling of inferiority to their fellows who soothly happen to possess a jot more of Saxon blood? Does not such a system engender a feeling of hate, and a desire to be free of a free people? There is already a feeling of animosity in the community generally towards the unfortunate colored man, and there is no more way to increase this feeling than to let our children grow up with the idea that the African should not associate with them, although he may possess a higher degree of all the attributes which make the man, and we but blow brighter the flame of an aristocracy, that which nothing is more hostile to a republican government.

That such a system should be persisted in here, in the Centre District of Worcester, is not at all surprising; but that it should be tolerated for a moment in the City of Boston, where the spirit of a free people is first kindled, and where liberty was rocked into its strength it burst the bonds of oppression, is indeed strange.—*Worcester Co. Gaz.*

From the Herald of Freedom.

THE HERALD.

By reference to the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, it will be seen that the publication of the Herald will be suspended for the present, and the subscribers furnished with the National Anti-Slavery Standard in its place. The Standard is the size of the Herald, and is edited by S. H. Gay, assisted by Mrs. Chapman, Wendell Phillips, Mrs. Follen, Wm. H. Channing, James Russell Lowell, David Lee Child, Edmund Quincy, and Thomas T. Stone, and is furnished weekly, at the exceeding low price of one dollar a year in advance.

The necessity of this suspension grows out of the fact, that the Editor has gone to Ohio with a corps of others to conduct a summer campaign, and the limited resources of the paper will not permit of its being continued without obtaining another; for it is hardly possible an editor can be found to do without money and without price, as Parker Pillsbury has done. He has labored with untiring energy in the anti-slavery movement, and no small part of it has been bestowed on the Herald. It was dear to him as a brother, and I doubt less it would have cost him as much to surrender its suspension as it did to record the death of a beloved brother, which was the sad and closing act of his editorial labor.

The suspension of the Herald will render it indispensably necessary that all dues should be paid without delay. All who have paid in advance will be furnished with the Standard till the time has expired for which they had paid for the Herald, without charge.

We have the promise of the lecturers who have gone to Ohio this summer, for a full campaign in New Hampshire. We hope the people will be ready to give them a hearty reception, and by a series of conventions agitate the State as it has not been done for years. Let no one relax their exertions; and with favorable circumstances, the banner of the Herald may again be flung to the breeze before another winter.

All dues for the Herald will continue to be sent as heretofore, to the Publishing Agent. Those who do not wish to receive the Standard will be kindly requested to return the paper to the office of publication, with their name and town written on it.

From the Christian World.

ANTI-SLAVERY FESTIVAL.

The Anti-Slavery Festival at Harrison (sometimes called Temperance) Grove, in Dedham, which had been announced as in preparation for the 4th of July, was attended by a large number of ladies and gentlemen from Boston, Dedham, Hingham, Roxbury, and various other neighboring towns. Several trains of cars were arranged, which carried passengers at convenient hours, and without accident. Harrison Grove never presented a pleasanter spectacle. Two large tents were raised, the one for the display and sale of fancy articles, of which there were many beautiful specimens; and the other for the purpose of furnishing refreshments. Convenient arrangements were also made for the music and speaking.

The anti-slavery people have the great merit of being 'instant in season and out of season.' No occasion escapes them. Year after year, they pursue their ceaseless warfare, watching for every breeze, if it be but a cap-spring, never allowing the great altar of American slavery to slip from their hands, nor any thing which might aid or illustrate their own position to elude their notice. They are not perfect models of practical wisdom in all things. They know not concession. They will not concede. They are afraid of burying a principle, and are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists, from much of the sympathy and fraternal feeling of their neighbors. But this they do not mind. They are a peculiar people. They have been trained in a long warfare, in a hard school, in days of labor, and nights of anxious thought. They have got a good deal of liberty for the slave, and they are living in the hope of its future realization. And they must work in their own way. They feel as if they were 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' What they see around them is only the great fact of slavery, and the fearful legacy and cowardice of the people. And they are determined to stand by it, and therefore, the leading and influential abolitionists—the spirits of the body to which Mr. Garrison belongs, and of which he is the head,—have managed to cut themselves off, as abolitionists,

1. That *those professing Christians, members of Evangelical Churches, both at the North and at the South, are, in a very great extent, the principal supporters of slavery*—that all northern Christians, who neglect to lift up the warning voice, or who refuse to sympathize with God's suffering poor, are scarcely less guilty, and that ministers not only may, but *ought* to speak out, and are bound to lift up their voices against this system of *evil* slavery, even on the Sabbath day; and that those ministers who neglect to do so, against this, as they do against other sins, should declare the whole counsel of God.

2. That it is not consistent with Christian principles, nor with our *professed* opposition to slavery, as an moral evil to punish those who make *merchandise* of God's image, or those who support or uphold *slavery under any circumstances*, to occupy their *talents*, or to partake with us at our Communion seasons and love feasts.

The discipline of the M. E. Church expresses its feelings by the buying and selling of men, women and children, with the intention of enslaving them; and, therefore, the admitting slaveholders to membership in the Church, or continuing them in it, is a *disobedience* to this General Rule of the Discipline of the Church, and should be forthwith put away as *unlawful* against God.

4. That it is the sense of the Franklin Society of the M. E. Church, that a Methodist minister who is *professing* in sentiment, or who refuses openly to declare his opposition to slavery, as well as opposed to the M. E. Church, (while slavery exists in it,) *should not receive the support of this Society.*

5. That one of the rights of every Christian is to *oppose* all sin, whether in its individual or corporate capacity—that this right does and must be *exercised* in the very nature of things, of which no man is *exempt*—that men, can legally or morally divert them from *slavery* being a high and daring sin against God; and the *followers* of Christ is in duty bound to bear *unequivocal testimony* against it, on all proper occasions.

6. That we intend to remain in the Church *for the present*, and endeavor to free ourselves from the guilt and sin of American slavery, until we find that our efforts on this subject are of no avail.

7. That we cannot conscientiously support, or in the support of any minister sent amongst us, neglects or refuses to raise his voice, and use his efforts against the sin of slavery.

8. That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be forwarded to the Erie Annual Conference at its session, and that we memorialize said Conference upon the existence of slavery in the Church, and request them to adopt such measures as will have their voice heard and responded to in the next annual Conference; and that they take such measures as will be likely to secure the co-operation of our annual conferences.

9. That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be forwarded to the Pittsburgh Christiana House, for publication, with the request that they publish all other official papers of the M. E. Church to publish the same.

10. That, in the case the preceding resolution is complied with, a copy be forwarded to some *anti-slavery* paper for publication, with a request to all anti-slavery papers in the Union to publish the same.

It Resolved, That the Secretary be requested to prepare and forward the foregoing for publication according to the two preceding resolutions.

JOHN PERKINS, *Chairman*
 Attend—C. W. Leddingwell, *Secretary*

AT ON Wednesday evening last, the colored people of Boston gave Mr. Garrison their parting benediction and farewell, in the Belknap-street meeting-house. It was a most interesting occasion, the feelings of which we hope to give next week.

of Peace clear developments of the nature of the operations of true Christianity. The exposures of the wickedness and hypocrisy of churches and ministers, which have been brought to view by the anti-slavery enterprise, are incredible and astounding! And there is no design in all this? God of mine have wise and benevolent designs in every exposure of evil. Let the mantle of charity cover all who are under its folds, but let not the seamless robe be rent. The churches of Christendom (so called) which sustain slavery, war and all taking, are not churches of Christ. He never aids, and never will own them as such. They stand the way of his reign, and his second coming cannot be manifest but through their downfall. They are the wild olive, that must be broken off, before Christ can reign over the Gentiles.

It is now rising eighteen hundred years since the birth and broad foundation of the non-resistant kingdom of Jesus was laid in peace, in righteousness and holiness—when the new covenant dispensation, through the ministration of the Spirit of Truth, was set up, removing the dark, shadowy, bloody dispensation of Moses, which was fitted only for children and slaves, and not meet for the sons of God. Yes, in eighteen hundred years, recruint Christianity, the unbelieving Jews which they were first led the borders of Canaan, have turned back and wandered in the wilderness, refusing to come under the sign of the Prince of Peace. But Christianity is set at a failure. The eye of faith sees the true daguer-type of gospel truth impressed on the visage and part of our redeemed and disenthralled race. The greatest benefit arising from the anti-slavery agitation will accrue to the church of Christ. One religion will keep pace with another. While we are laboring for one class of the oppressed and unfortunate, we are made acquainted with the wants and condition of other classes. While we are agonizing to seek the chains of our suffering brother, we sunder the cords that bind our own limbs.

The discussion on 'the rights of God,' agitated in the Liberator by C. Stearns, has given rise to some observations, which, to me, have been very interesting. I was glad to find the editor of the Liberator firm and unyielding in his advocacy for free discussion. You have merited the approbation of the true-hearted. Truth has nothing to fear. Like the Egyptian pyramid, it stands on its own basis. We can do nothing against, but for the truth. At first, I was a little startled at brother S.'s declaration, that with his idea, I have no wrangle. When a father gives a son an estate, he has no right to take away—the son may squander it. Animal life is a gift of God; if we spend it rightfully, we are assured of immortality—if we squander it, we can blame none but ourselves. Pain, sickness and physical death are not enactments of God, but they are parts of God's divine arrangement in the formation of our animal nature. They are the result of divine benevolence towards the animal creation. I know the common opinion of men, sanctified by the creeds of the sects, is that pain, sickness and death are the penalty of the Adamic law, inflicted on the race for the transgression of the first man. I have not time to refute this opinion here, (to do which, the Scriptures afford abundant testimony.) I will only say, that what men call (wrongfully) physical evil, is the result of the violation of the law of our animal nature; a law that existed prior to the Adamic law, or prohibition, which was given as a test for the formation of moral character. The death spoken of (not threatened) in connection with the prohibition of the fruit, was not physical, but moral death—was living to Adam what violation of the laws of our animal nature gives to every man—bad moral character, moral death. The Saviour died on the cross, to yield up the ghost; 'He laid down his life,' Jesus said, 'Our friend Lazarus sleepeth.' It is said of Stephen, 'he fell asleep,' &c. Paul calls it departing and being with Christ. Evidently all these cases refer to the death of the body, or natural death. Of the same class are all those deaths of saints, who have full assurance of pardon in Christ. Can it be possible that God would pardon the transgression of a law, and then inflict its penalty? Nay, verily not.

It is now about ten years since I emigrated into Ohio. From principle, as well as necessity, I derive my support and that of my family by cultivating the soil; consequently my acquaintance with men and things is rather limited. Yet, although my post is obscure, I have been always awake to everything that interested reform, in general and anti-slavery in particular. I have read and I have written all that I could—I have encouraged our friends and rebuked our enemies. But what could a solitary individual come out-do, with the laws, constitution, and religion of the country against him? Previous to the last six months, I have seen but very little anti-slavery in Ohio. Demagogues have used it as they have old ether-bottles and conjakins, to drag themself, or rather be dragged, into office. The people in Ohio have learned to decline a few nouns, and to conjugate a few verbs; but to read without a translation, they cannot go to it. The politicians of a pro-slavery government, and the religion of a corrupt church hold them back; by the former they expect all the good things of this life; and by the latter everything in that which is to come. But within the last nine months, there has been a great breaking up in these parts; through the instrumentality of Stephen and Abby Foster, a great change has been wrought. They were here when I returned from the East in September, and since that time, there has been a continual excitement on the Western Reserve.

I think it now, sir, one of the most important locations for anti-slavery work, (perhaps with the exception of old Massachusetts,) in the United, or rather I hope I may say *disunited* States—for what benefit is there in a pretended union, where there is none? What advantage is there in a false issue? What union is there between Freedom and Slavery? Why bind a dead corpse with a living man? Ohio is a border State. Slavery is here in a palpable shape. An anti-slavery lecture cannot but take effect, in sight of the fleeing fugitive, and in hearing of the baying blood-hound.

Last week, I heard a feeling narrative of the wrongs and sufferings of a lady, (colored,) or, as she said, one of her grandfathers was an Irishman, and the other an African. She was born in Warren, our county seat, where she lived until she was about 18 or 20, when she went to Pittsburgh to live at service, when being desirous to go to school, and learning that a colored man taught a school for colored scholars in Cincinnati, she went on board a steam-boat to go down the river. On board the boat was a monster named Davies, with wife and mother, from the North, going down. The mother was taken sick. The colored girl was hired to watch and nurse her. Davies urged her to go home with them, promising her great wages. She consented, and he took her down to St. Louis, and sold her into slavery.

Ohio is the place to fix the fulcrum of the great moral lever. Here we have none of your mercantile and commercial drawbacks. Our population is chiefly farmers. We form our matrimonial connections amongst ourselves. There are no plantations, married by our sons. We have some Quakers of the right stamp. In addition to the labor of our good friends, the Fosters, we have Benjamin and Elizabeth Jones. We are cheered on by the sweet notes of the little 'Bugle,' and are getting quite a nucleus of disunionists; and I hope we soon shall have a phalanx of good and true Buck-eye lecturers.

The old reconvert Methodist Episcopal Church shakes with the palsy. I hope the old lady will soon make her will; but if she has got no better recruits to leave to the anti-slavery societies than Edward Smith of Pittsburgh, Orange Scott and a few others, I hope she may live long enough to retain them in her own bosom. But there are some noble counselors from the M. E. Church.

thing more, to show you how our field is open
 for our eastern brethren. The population
 of the northern part of Ohio is principally from New
 England. Now you know the conservative habits of
 Englanders is a great obstacle to any reform; *when
 once reformed, they stay put.* The great ally
 is, to get over their prejudices. Now Ohio
 Englanders have been so long from fatherland,
 N. E. pro-slavery sets loosely upon them. Then
 very fact that we have been so long from our
 country increases our curiosity, and gives a
 relish to see and hear from home. I have
 and heard an attempt to turn away the ear from
 and Abby, by crying out, 'foreign and east-
 influence,' produce a contrary effect in fixing the
 tion, and increasing the desire to hear more.
 brother G., come to Ohio, *as soon as you can.*
 seems to me that the cause demands it. I will do
 can to sustain you, and others will do more.
 In mean time, send on a good forerunner. On the
 day of last December, in falling trees, I broke the
 of my leg, which gave me a long confinement.
 What delight the Liberator administered to me!
 I thank God, and I thank you. Little, sir, do
 know the amount of good you do, by casting
 the seed of truth. God bless you, now and
 ever.
 your brother in the great work and hope of reno-
 tion,
 JOHN SMITH.

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.
 HARTFORD, Ohio, July 4, 1846.

A FRIEND GARRISON:

I imagine the Soul of anti-slavery Solidarity as-
 sembled at this hour in Drdham. What would I not
 to be there? Indeed, I am there in spirit, *glean-
 ing* separated geographically by almost 800 miles
 mountain and valley.

When I was a theological student, I was waited
 by an agent, and strongly urged to become a mis-
 sionary to the heathen. My superficial education
 the reason I assigned for declining the work of
 foreign missionary. But here, all at once, my
 I am among the heathen, as a missionary. And I
 to cross no ocean, and submit to no ordination to
 do it. But it is heathen ground,—nor does it
 really differ, in this respect, from regions near the
 big sun.

I think the people having fewer books and other
 arts of mental culture, are more easily led astray
 by the arts of the designing, both in state and church,
 in New England. Here, whoever wishes for
 peace, must comply with the injunction, 'Ask,
 and shall receive.' At this moment, there are three
 party aspirants galloping through the State, begg-
 ing to be made Governors. One of them is the
 candidate of the third party. He is a minister in the
 Methodist Episcopal Church, in regular stand-
 ing, 'a lively stone' in the 'bulwark of American
 virtue.' Of the three, I think him decidedly the
 most deserving. The others make no pretension to
 being higher than the common order of political
 life. He claims to be governed by high regard for
 interests of humanity.

I think the dishonesty of the third party here ex-
 tends, if possible, that of New England. Its lead-
 ers openly avow their hatred of anti-slavery societies,
 their dislike of *so much of this nigger business*—
 political aspirants swarm around it, with souls as
 cold of humanity as the veriest over-seer who
 mangled the backs of women with the cowskin-
 whip will do any thing to secure votes to the party
 yet to reach genuine anti-slavery; and some of
 them (I do not exaggerate) will do even that.

Their nomination for Governor was a piece of
 magnanimity, in keeping with the nomination of
 one K. Polk. They fiercely denounce abolition-
 ists, malign us in their papers and pulpits, declare
 infidels of the most odious character, all to se-
 cure the votes of priests and other persons, who
 know no more of anti-slavery than of the manners
 of the moon, and care as they know.

They represent the party as being in the most
 prosperous and growing condition; all the while
 knowing that it is swallowed up in the other parties
 of New Hampshire, is 'in ruins' in Western New
 York, and is declining every where else. Lawyers
 of other leading men in it, have told me it would
hardly policy just now, to make these facts too pub-
 lic.

Even the infamous marauding expedition now
 going on in Mexico, they baptize and dignify by
 the name of *War*, fully endorse, enlist to fight in its de-
 file, and justify as heartily as the democrats them-
 selves.

The Liberty Herald endorses the 'war,' and avows
 determination to stand by the country in the con-
 t, and *punish the temerity of the Mexicans.*
 The Standard, the organ of the party, published
 the State Central Committee, has an endorsement
 of the outbreak, that is read with ineffable de-
 light by the outside monsters in the ranks of Loco
 coism. It declares, 'The war is not a Texan
 war. The enemy is not the enemy of Texas, but
 of our country. To fight *honest* battles, Cassius M. Clay
 is forth, a *true-hearted* man.' And again, 'It is
 becoming in any one to sneer at those who, moved
 by a *spirit of patriotism* (?) have denied themselves
 comforts of home, and are leaving it, to expose
 themselves to the dangers of pestilence and war.'
 I say that these men from the free States have
 enlisted for the purpose of extending slavery, is to
 contradict common observation and common sense.
 Among them are some *Liberty* men, (?) and would
 they go with such an unhalloved object? * * *
 I think, therefore, Cassius M. Clay, and every other
 man who, in the *consecrated* discharge of his duty,
 says to go to go, do so.

This speaks the organ of the party; at the same
 time hypocritically pretending to denounce the very
 theme as an outrage, while in the next breath they
 do it patriotism, and commend those murderers and
 assassins who are carrying it on.

Dr. Bailey, of the Philanthropist, pretends to re-
 derminate the war, and also these sentiments of the or-
 gan of his party. But he, too, devoutly lists his
 arms to heaven and prays that *no word or act of
 shall ever jeopard the safety of the NOBLE Gen-
 eral Taylor and his BRAVE army!*
 Such is third party in Ohio. It is taking this place
 of the American Church. It is becoming the bul-
 wark of American slavery. They cause near depra-
 vity we believe in the doctrine of total depravity.
 I only opinion of politicians and priests has been far
 more charitable. The third party calls its organ 'The
 Democratic Standard and Whig of '76.' It has stolen
 the name and imbibed the vices of both the old par-
 ties. A fellow once said his father always ate very
 fat, and his mother put a good while, and that he in-
 herited the qualities of them both. The third party
 as been as unfortunate, in regard to both the old
 parties.

But we are opening the eyes of the people. A
 good many have stopped C. M. Clay's paper, and
 the Liberty papers too. Honest men will do so
 everywhere.

Yours as ever,
 PARKER PILLSBURY.

¶ Parker Pillsbury needs no assurance from us
 that he cannot write too often for the Liberator, or
 that the friends of the anti-slavery cause here at
 this feel a lively interest in every true effort that is
 made for its advancement at the West.

¶ The letter from our esteemed friend, John
 Smith, of Mecca, Ohio, though a long, is a very in-
 teresting one; and though it was intended rather
 for private perusal than for the public eye, we deem
 it so serviceable to the cause of universal reform
 without it. We hope to hear from him more fre-
 quently. We remember his visit to Boston with
 much pleasure.

anniversary of British emancipation will be
 held by holding public meetings for speeches,
 songs, and other suitable exercises, in Ab-
 Concord, Lynn and Worcester. In Abington,
 the meeting will be held in a pleasant grove, in the
 depot and town-house. The proximity of
 to the town-house will make it convenient,
 of a storm, to adjourn the meeting to the
 place. At the late meeting of the Plymouth
 Anti-Slavery Society, a committee of ar-
 guments was chosen to make every needful pre-
 paration for a great and enthusiastic gathering, and,
 I, no doubt, be able to give full particulars
 hereafter.

Friends in Lynn and Concord are also moving.
 Abingtonists of Essex county are urged to take
 this matter in good earnest. Let those near-
 ly of meeting, particularly in Salem and
 immediately take counsel with our friends
 and, make this, in addition to a first of Au-
 gust, a reception meeting to our zealous
 re-proof fellow laborer, James N. Buffum.
 to friend Buffum, (*who will be there*),
 expected that John Price, of Danvers, and
 T. Stone, of Salem, will be present and ad-
 dressing. It is hoped that every man who
 it to say in behalf of human rights will at-
 tend to these meetings, and say it.

Brooks and her faithful co-workers are mak-
 ing preparations for a great meeting in Concord.
 As known, as yet, whether the friends in
 her county are doing any thing, but we hope
 before next week that they are making
 preparations for a celebration on a large scale. This
 done by a union of the friends in the different
 counties.

Now, I wish to submit a plan for sustaining
 meetings, which I hope will be adopted, with
 alterations only as the good of the anti-slavery
 cause require. Although our friends are re-
 luctant to excuse the liberties here taken with their
 they are urged, by every consideration of
 and humanity, not to excuse themselves from
 these meetings. The proposition which I
 make is, that Wendell Phillips, Wm. H.
 Douglass, Caleb Stetson, John M. Spear, and Lewis
 attend the meeting at Concord; Edmund
 William A. White, Addison Davis, and
 attend the meeting at Abington; Adin Bal-
 lard, May, Geo. W. Stacy, Joshua T. Ever-
 ett, attend the meeting at Worcester.
 According to the persons named, there will doubt-
 less many others at the different meetings, who
 are able to deepen the interest and enliven the
 meetings by speeches and songs.

Friends in the country are aware, that little or
 can be done for the anti-slavery cause, at
 more than the yearly way of lecturing, while with
 a sermon, and a small sacrifice of time, much may
 be done by holding mass meetings in commemoration
 of glorious events, when the shackles fell from
 the hands of 500,000 human beings, and they stood
 in the dignity of freemen. And this may be
 done at a trifling expense, if those who can make
 distance will take with them such refresh-
 ments as they may need, with a little to spare to oth-
 ers who cannot conveniently bring any.

Friends, while they understand that many of
 are named as speakers at the different meetings
 have been consulted, and are therefore under
 promise to attend, will not be able to perceive how
 in absent themselves, except upon the most
 necessary.

I do not intend to be able to forward an account
 of the meetings, in season for the next Liberator.
 And if any of the friends indicated as speak-
 ers of the meetings, prefer attending some
 meeting than that in connection with which
 is mentioned, or if they cannot attend any,
 are requested to signify it, by leaving word at
 the anti-slavery office, by the early part of next week.

LORING MOODY,
 General Agent Mass. A. S. Society.

TO ENGLAND—THE WAR—C. M. CLAY.
 G. GARRISON:

I am glad to hear of thy determination to visit
 Europe, for the noble purpose of aiding human
 kind, to acknowledge one another as brethren, chil-
 dren of a common Father, and that it is impossible
 to suffer without in some degree affecting the
 happiness of all. I thought, when I read the
 opinion of our friends over the water, for thee to
 do them this summer, that their expectation,
 and anxiety ran so high, it might tend to par-
 tiality, power, and prevent thee from going; but
 since I find it otherwise, and will venture to
 message to our beloved co-laborers, Henry
 Wright, George Thompson, and all others of the
 stamp, viz., that they be sure to let their non-
 cessary keep pace with their determination to de-
 stroy slavery. Let them bear constantly in mind
 non-resistance, in its proper sense, is the most
 useful means by which to pull down the strong
 of wickedness. It will disarm the warrior,
 out the devil, and raise the very foundation
 of evil.

Some good non-resistant could manage the Mex-
 ican a little while, friend Taylor and his men
 find some excuse to leave, very quick, and if
 the friend of friend Polk is not already steel-
 ed to impression, it would be crimsoned with very
 blood.

Few words about the 'Gospel Banner,' that says,
 'and by your country, right or wrong.' Is the
 of that paper an Arab, or a Turk? He pre-
 'Gospel' to the title of his paper, just as if he had
 said, 'Can it be possible the man knows no bet-
 ter. He may be, and is, no doubt, in the gall of bit-
 terness, with scales on his eyes as much thick.
 He takes the same position that every rogue, liar,
 hypocrite, politician, sectarian, bigot, and slaveholder
 country does; and what makes the thing in-
 comprehensible is, that he pretends to justify it by
 the Gospel of Je-us Christ! I have known many
 who would adopt his principles when it
 to the principle, but he is the first that I ever
 undertake to disgrace the name of Christ by
 connection.

A mob at Lexington, that pulled down C. M.
 press, were comparatively innocent. They
 have been alarmed for their personal safety.
 What can Cassius say, in excuse for marching
 hundreds of miles to butcher these poor, ignorant,
 much-abused Mexicans? I fear that years in
 cloth and ashes would be to short for him to
 at this gigantic sin.

I am, thy friend,
 MICAJAH T. JOHNSON.
 Port Creek, Ohio, 7th mo., 1846.

A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE.
 A short time since, I received the following note
 from a friend in Uxbridge, in this State, dictated by one, who is
 his own affecting language, 'was for forty
 years a slave.' Forty years! what a dreary waste of
 life! The note was accompanied by a basket, filled
 with a very liberal supply of excellent cake, which,
 however, was all the more acceptable, inasmuch as
 the donor says it was 'the work of her own hands,
 and the product of her own industry.'

Will Mr. Garrison accept the contents of this bas-
 ket as a mere token of the regard of Mrs. Nancy Ad-
 am, an aged woman, who was for forty years a
 slave? It is the work of her own hands, and the
 product of her own industry.

She wishes it to be an expression, also, of her deep
 regret at the great cause to which your life is de-
 voted. She was separated from a kind and loving
 husband, and a dear son, who (for aught she knows)
 is still living under the lash of the oppressor.

ondonce of the Baltimore American.
 WASHINGTON, July 9, 1846.
 membership of Mexico in the design of
 stration, and that not only by the invasion
 a, but by seizure and—also—also ably
 try beyond the line of Tampico on the
 ico, and the same parallel on the Pacific
 e embraces the richest and most valuable
 Mexico.
 es all California, from the head to the
 alone the provinces bordering on the
 e. Parts of Jalisco, Guadaluara, and
 ad of Sonora, Durango, San Luis
 Leon, Chihuahua, Colahuila, and Tam
 to be fruitful her subject, her views
 ernment here are ready to settle the ques
 Mexico will yield up the country I have
 consent to run a line from the Gulf o
 the Pacific, upon the line I have named
 in our contemplation, not secretly, but
 the regiment raising for California, a
 ve you the first notice some time since, i
 nits of the expedition. I content myself
 the announcement of the ambitious de
 e in administration, and leave it to your
 readers to speak of them as they deserve
 in of.
 S. WRIGHT has been here for about ten
 ering a course of lectures on anatomy and
 to ladies, and we are informed by mem
 clude, that they have derived great profit
 from listening to him. We attended one
 ure, which she gave on the philosophy of
 unday evening last, in the Athenaeum, and
 a powerful intellect in the patient, and
 e of the combination of her subject, her views
 and definite; her argument rigidly syn
 d her language so precise and accurate,
 w at once that she was a patient and care
 We could not give our assent to all her
 ut, on every point, not except, but with
 th the lecture. Judging from her Sun
 's discourse, we should say that she is
 fitted for the work which she has under
 that her labors are calculated to be pro
 nestimable good.—*Nantucket Inquirer*.
 woman (sister of the late James Hager,
 th was occasioned by an accident upon
 in Branch Railroad,) lost her wallet, con
 taining twenty dollars, and a letter to her
 of the 'fourth' in Harrison Grove.
 stance of such a sum to the loser will
 imagined, and must move the finder to
 higher motives should be wanting. Any
 n in regard to it may be left with the
 communicated either to the managers of
 or their owner.—*Dedham American*.
 urch Militant.—The Rev. R. A. Stuart, of
 ow captain of a volunteer company on the
 e, in a characteristic letter to the editor of
 Rogue Gazette, says: 'My command is
 work. I learn that West Baton Rouge
 ut a fine company, equal to mine. I
 e them to preach to and dine with, at
 'sico!'
 of Col. Marshall.—We learn from the Lou
 ers accounts of the narrow escape of Col.
 Marshall from death at the hands of some
 s. Several volunteers with whom he was
 red their drew pistols, and pointed them full
 at; three pulled triggers, and, strange as
 the caps all exploded without discharging
 contents, with which the pistols were
 It is probable the heavy rain of that eve
 which the v-lunteers were exposed, damp
 powder, and thus prevented an explosion.
 et was he indebted for his life. The of
 volunteers were promptly placed under ar
 earth in Woonsocket.—A fight 'came off' on
 e canal bridge between two Irishmen,
 e, Nelson Aldrich and John O'Brien, wor
 God-serving citizen of Woonsocket, w
 to restore peace and tranquility, but w
 immediately attacked by one of the comba
 a matter of self-preservation, Mr. A grasped
 at about the waist, and jumped with
 the river. Hereupon the crowd rushed
 bridge, which gave way, and the entire
 precipitated into the Blackstone. One
 his leg very severely broken. None were
 but many who anticipated dining on roa
 compelled to take up with cold duck.—
 e Gaz.
 busy at Lowell.—No less than 221 female
 have been married in Lowell during the
 of Schoolcraft.—Mr. Henry R. Schoolcraft,
 an Agent, was murdered by a half-breed,
 manner, last week, at Sault Ste. Marie. The
 was at large at the last advices, but pursued
 tire population.
 n that a young man by the name of Minor
 at Woodville, Hopkinton, while in the act
 firing a cannon. The cannon was wrought
 some what peculiar construction, and had been
 ed many times during the day. At last it
 id more heavily than ever, and the stones be
 ing to make up the charge, and it burst,
 young Minor several feet into the air, and
 him in the thigh so severely that he soon
 eath. He was 17 years of age.
 The man named Kelly, of Salmon Falls, N.
 he other Babb, of Berwick, Me., were kill
 Boston and Maine Railroad. They were
 morning train from Portland, on the top of a
 in passing under a bridge between Great
 and Boston, were jumping over the side of
 car, and so bruised as to cause their death
 in of a few hours.—*Boston Traveller*.
 corner-stone.—The N. Y. Journal of Com
 mercial Science, a paper which declares that 'de
 mocracy is the corner-stone of our republican
 n election of the Hon. George M'Duffie, of S.
 chairman of the Committee of Foreign Rela
 tions, in the Senate, in the place of Mr. Allen,
 nly give general good satisfaction. His views on
 on question, and most other topics, overaw
 those of Mr. Calhoun. The latter could
 the appointment, but declined it.
 rism.—The Newburyport Courier, a Whig
 ter quoting one of the resolutions passed at
 Anti-Slavery convention at Faneuil Hall—
 wn by every body to be under the control of
 Anti-Slavery Abolitionists, and in no way connected
 Liberty Party exclaims:—what *pitiful fol
 lowery has arisen!* Now this Courier man
 it was lying and slandering at the same
 he escapes the common reproach of ras
 must mend his morals, or exercise consid
 eration in dodging the grasp of Justice.—
 re Herald. [Quote an explosion.]
 Cap.—During one of the calls of the House
 ready, says the Washington correspond
 ent, John A. McConnell was in the lobby.
 lery. The doors of the hall being fastened,
 al in such cases, he let himself down by
 very window outside of the building, and
 his toes into the cornice work, managing
 e of the open windows of the hall, through
 effected an entrance. It was a most dan
 gerous, as the least slip of his foot would
 have sent him a hundred feet to the ground.
 ABINGTON CELEBRATION.
 The late annual meeting of the Old Colony A.
 ty, helden at the Hanover Town House, the
 grateful men were chosen a committee to
 arrangements for the celebration at Abington,
 first of August, viz: Loring Moody, H. H.
 H. Sprague, J. Elbridge Sprague, Nath
 l. Nathaniel H. Whiting, Isaac T. Howland,
 Reed, Lewis Ford, and Briggs Arnold.
 Above committee are hereby requested to
 the town house, in Abington, on Monday,
 1846, at 2 o'clock, P. M. to take into con
 sideration the subject of the celebration, and make
 necessary arrangements.
 order,
 H. H. BRIGMAN,
 Abington, July 11, 1846. Sec. O. C. A. S.
 JONATHAN WALKER,
 of Florida, intends spending a short time in
 of Maine, and will probably be at Portland
 Bay, the 19th. He will devote his whole time
 tribution to the anti-slavery cause, b
 addressing the distribution of books, &c. He
 will not as many meetings as possible. Friends
 ed necessarily wishing him to call at their
 they address him, to care of Newell A.
 Portland Me.
 post-office address of Stephen S. and Abby
 Foster and Parker Pillsbury, will be Salem,
 Mass county, Ohio, until further notice.
 REMOVAL.
 BOWDITCH has removed to No. 5, Ouis
 e, the residence of his late father.
 10
 415

